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Fashions



HER PAGE



Household



Problems

Sister Mary's KITCHEN

The two recipes for today have been made in the "kitchen" before but are given "by request" this time.

CHEESE FONDUE

1/4 cups bread crumbs
2-3 cup milk
1/4 pound cheese
3 eggs
1/2 cup butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper.

The bread crumbs should be the soft part of a rather stale loaf. Cook crumbs and milk together, stirring constantly, till hot and smooth. Add butter, cheese, salt and pepper and cook until the cheese is melted. It is not necessary to grate the cheese unless the cheese is hard. Then it should be grated and there should be from 1-2 to 1 1/2 cups. Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately. The yolks should be beaten with a Dover beater till thick and lemon colored and the whites beaten with a whisk till stiff and dry. Unless the eggs are beaten in this way the fondue will not be a success. Mix the yolks through with the cheese mixture and fold in the whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a

moderate oven for 25 or 30 minutes. When firm to the touch the fondue is done. Serve at once. This is a simple, delicious luncheon dish nice enough to serve to informal guests.

SPANISH STEAK

1 round steak
2 medium-sized onions
1 quart canned tomatoes
2-3 cup grated cheese.
Have steak cut from an inch to an inch and one-half thick. Sear on both sides in a hot frying-pan. Put in casserole with a very little water and cover with onions sliced very thin. Cover and bake 40 minutes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over strained tomatoes and bake 40 minutes longer uncovered. Remove to platter, cover with cheese and return to oven long enough to melt cheese. The platter may be lined with points of toast. Round steak contains as much nourishment as the more expensive cuts and if cooked in this fashion is as tender as porterhouse.

The cook who follows a "recipe" accurately is the one who gets a receipt in return.



INCHES FROM
THE GOLDEN-PLATED RULE
By Lillian Paschal Day

KING COAL

I needed coal—hadn't a pound. Had my order in since last May. We have to depend on one dealer. Can't get it elsewhere. Some system is still in force. Though we've no formal administrator. Result, he is a petty tyrant. We call him King Coal. He sells us coal or he doesn't. Just as he happens to feel. We wonder if he doesn't hold it. Waiting brings higher prices. He always says it's strikes. Or else the railways discriminate. Small dealers get left. They do. But he himself does the same. We get left. Says he has no coal. Same day he fills his own cellar. I live near his house and see it. He sold my neighbor five tons. I phoned him to ask him about it. He claimed she'd a prior order. I said she only moved here in June. My order antedates hers. His answer was typical: "I haven't time to argue. Goodbye." Then he rang off. If anything maddens me, it's that. I wanted to go right over to him. He needed a lecture on courtesy. But I didn't. Such men are impervious to that. I got a dozen neighbors together. A committee was appointed. I was made chairman. We ordered three carloads of coal. Got it direct from the mines. Our average was ten tons apiece. We paid \$11.75. Dealer got \$15. Our winter's supply cost us \$1410. Dealer would have cost \$1800. Mr. King Coal was furious. He called up one of the committee. He referred him to the chairman. He telephoned me. Why were we sending to the mine? We should patronize home merchants. Wasn't his coal good enough? "Coal may be all right," I said. "But your methods weren't. For your methods nor prices."

"But—" he expostulated. My interruption was an exact copy. "I haven't time to argue. Goodbye." Then I rang off. Poetic justice is sweet.

LOWBROW: HIGH AND LOW

Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, inherent sin, Gibbon, fourth dimension, Euripides, "eyeliner," lemon phosphate, Henry Cabot Lodge, Woodrow Wilson. Lowbrow: Municipal government, Kipling, Socialism, Shakespeare, politics, Thackeray, taxation, golf, grand opera, bridge, chicken à la Maryland, "eyeliner," stocks and bonds, gin rickey, Roosevelt, chewing gum in private. High-Lowbrow: Musical comedy, seiche, baseball, moving pictures, small steak, medium, whiskey, Robert W. Chambers, purple socks, chewing gum with friends. Lowbrow: Laura Jean Libbey, ham sandwich, haven't come, pitch, I and her, melodrama, hair oil, the Duchess, beer, George M. Cohan, red flannels, toothpicks, chewing gum in public. Chicago Tribune.

HIGH COLLARS POPULAR

One of the most striking details in fall styles appears to be the popularity of the high collar, which is used regardless of whether the sleeves are long or short.

WITNESS WOULDN'T DRINK THE STUFF

DENVER—When the state's witness against A. L. Byers refused to drink the liquid they said was liquor, a jury here freed Byers of a prohibition charge. "Doesn't look like liquor and the state won't drink it to prove it," charged Attorney W. A. Bryans. It was even thus.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

CHIP'S ADVENTURE

"Buzz!" came the thing through the buckwheat field, the thing Chip Chip-munk heard a-buzzing while he was busily munching the sweet tasty kernels of the buckwheat. "Buzz, rattle, buzz!" it came nearer and nearer. "My, what an enormous bee that must be!" he thought. "And a greedy one. It's a good thing I got here today instead of going to school, because the first thing you know, he'd have this stuff all eaten up." And Chip went in stuffing himself like a Hindu who thinks there's a famine coming and wise to eat while one may. "Rattle, roar, crash, buzz!" Nearer and nearer came the noise. "That must be the most enormous bee in the whole world," thought Chip. "I'll surely have to hurry, for I'll bet he'll eat everything in sight." He was right than he knew, for he had been two feet taller and able to see over the tops of the waving buckwheat, he'd have seen a great iron bee with a great appetite. It had wheels, and was drawn by two horses, and it had sharp knives for teeth which were hitting off the buckwheat rapidly.



Finally getting a good hold of the stalk he hung on until he could shake the grains loose with his teeth.

Chip had spied a delicious looking bunch of grain, too far up for him to reach, so he had to jump for it. Two or three times he jumped, and finally getting a good hold of the stalk, he hung on until he could shake the grains loose with his teeth.

It was a lucky thing for him that he made that jump, for just then along came the rattle, buzzy thing with the sharp teeth. Teeth that would have bitten off his little legs most likely, had he been on the ground.

Chip felt himself caught up in a dreadfully squeeze place, then thrown down violently, and everything was as dark as Egypt. "My goodness!" he panted. "What's happened?"

Confessions of a Bride

(Copyright 1920, by The Newspaper Enterprise Association)

THE BOOK OF DEBORAH

Deb's Mother Rules By Her Divine Right of Maternity

The love affairs of Deborah Burns were much discussed after her mother returned from the west. Everybody knew that Mrs. Burns was accustomed to marry off her daughters to suit herself, and everybody was wondering if Deb would prove as obedient as her older sisters. Mrs. Burns was considered a master of diplomacy in matrimony. She had allied her family to two of the big fortunes of the town. Now she intended to annex the Van Eycks, oldest and richest of all, so the gossip ran. "And she'll do it," Chrys asserted. "You'll see. Tom Moore is going to lose because he is poor!" "You're coming too near the truth to please me," I agreed. Of course, "if Deb loved Ted her mother couldn't swerve her." "I'm not so sure, Mrs. Burns is so smug and selfish that she never guesses what awful demands she makes on those girls," said Chrys. "She rules by the divine right of maternity. No kaiser ever dictated more tyrannically and complacently. She is proud of the devoted obedience of her very clever children, and they are just as proud! As if she had a particle of right to decide everything for these dainty young women—everything, from choosing cosmetics to choosing husbands! Jane, I believe that if Deb marries at all, she will do so in order to escape from her mother."

some things in her own home," I suggested.

"Jane, why don't you block Van's game?"

"You mean I ought to interfere?" I gasped in astonishment. "Why, Chrys, I think it's immoral, almost, to make or unmake other person's marriage. Whatever Deb does, she'll be sorry some day. I suppose—sorry if she does and just as sorry if she doesn't marry!"

Then spoke up Chrys, the cynic:

"To be sure, one is a long time married just as one is a long time dead!"

"How can her mother insist? Van's so unspeakable—and at least twice Deb's age," I raged.

Poor Deb clung to me during the hard days that followed. Only at my house could she escape her mother's persistent nagging. One day she greeted me with this:

"My mother will not let Ted come to the house any more. Just wrote him a note forbidding it. Ted was splendid—I haven't heard from him since."

A few days later she said: "Jane, you must think me rather horrid, or at least believe that I don't know my own mind when I tell you that I miss Ted terribly. He's the best of good pals, you see. Even after I told him that I couldn't go to South America with him, he insisted on sticking around until mother feared I would elope. So she sent him away. I do miss him, Jane. It rested me so to be with him. It's odd—I never get excited about anything when I'm with him—as—I used to get when Jim was around, but Ted and I have wonderful happy hours together."

"It rested you to be with Ted? You need rest, Deb, so why don't you marry him?" I asked abruptly.

"Jane Lorimer!" There was both surprise and reproach in Deb's voice. "Why, my dear! I like him much too well! It wouldn't be fair to marry him when he isn't—the first—in my heart!"

"Does he know about Jim?"

Deb shook her head.

"Then tell him—give him a chance to take you or leave you when he knows the truth!"

(To Be Continued)

MISS WARNER ISSUES

WAR POEMS

"A Military Alphabet and Other Rhymes," published by the Standard Press of Kansas City, is a little collection of wartime poems from the pen of Miss Nelly Warner. Miss Warner wrote her rhymes in the inspiring days of battle and sacrifice, and friends who read them liked the verses so well that the author was finally persuaded to issue them in this attractively printed booklet.

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LARGEST LAND OWNER IS SUED FOR \$110,000

In a suit filed yesterday in the United States district court by J. L. Hurt of Denver, Dr. E. B. Perrin, reputed to be perhaps the largest land owner in Arizona, is made defendant, together with several members of his family, in an action involving \$110,000 in cash and land in Yavapai county to a total, it is believed, of more than 100,000 acres. The suit was filed by

the legal firm of Hughes & Dorsey of Denver, E. I. Thayer, also of Denver, and W. T. Sprowls, a well known local attorney. With Dr. Perrin in the suit are named Lilo M. Perrin, E. B. Perrin, Jr., L. M. Perrin, Jr., and the Bank of Arizona, Prescott.

According to the complaint, it is alleged that on January 1, 1915, the defendants gave a promissory note to J. L. Hurt by which they bound themselves to pay him in five years the sum of \$110,000, with interest at 8 per cent. As security for the money to be received on the note, Hurt took a mortgage on scores of sections of land in Yavapai county, the total count coming, it is said, to more than 100,000 acres. Since January 1, 1920, according to

the complaint, no interest payments on the note have been made by Dr. Perrin and his associates, and these payments, it is alleged, became delinquent on November 1.

CASH RAN OUT

"How long did your honeymoon last?" "Why, just like the other moon, it faded away with the last quarter,"—Boston Transcript.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT VICTIM

SPOKANE—Pat Kelly, butcher, became excited during a boxing match at the meat-cutter's social smoker here and jumped over the ropes into the ring. He broke his ankle.

dessert

Do you know that you can save money by using Carnation Milk in the place of cream for desserts of all kinds as well as in coffee and on cereals? Use this good milk, undiluted, just as you would use cream. It is rich and delicious and absolutely pure, for it is sterilized. Buy it at your grocer's.

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